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Apology

Lynn Emanuel

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Apology · *Lynn Emanuel*

Tonight I lie staring into the unlit neighborhood
And remembering Maria Bauder at whose windows
I threw stones from behind a trellis of dead roses.
She was German and that year school resurrected
The war in Europe until all night long trains
Of dead children flashed past like light
On a hypnotist's gold watch. It has been a long time
Since that evening when, full of sulk and swagger,
I leaned in my mother's dormer watching as Maria entered
From her bare yard to ours filled with the soft
Exaltations of light. From the branches of black
Walnut the great weight of the moon leaned out.
I overheard her accusations and then came down
Into the issuance of my name and stood on the porch
In the chilly updraft of self-pity and said I was sorry
Under a sky tall and decorated with stars as a general.